

THE
G E N I U S
OF
B R I T A I N.
AN
I A M B I C O D E.

ADDRESSED TO THE
RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

Ἀποπον γὰρ ἦν τὴν μὲν τῶν ἀπάντων σωτηρίαν τε τοῖς ἐπιτρέπειν, ὑπὲρ
ᾧ δὲ ἀγωνεῖναι μηδὲν αὐτοῖς ὑπάρκειν κατὰ τὴν χώραν σπουδῆς ἄξιον.

Diodor. Sicul. Histor. Lib. 1.

L O N D O N,
Printed for M. COOPER, in Pater-Noster Row.
M D C C L V I.

THE
GENERAL
OF
BRITAIN
AND
AMERICAN

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.



Printed by W. Woodcock, at the British Museum, London.

W. Woodcock, Printer, at the British Museum, London.

TO THE

Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, Esq;

O THOU, ordain'd at length by pitying Fate
To save from ruin a declining State;
Adorn'd with all the scientific stores
Which bloom'd on ROMAN or ATHENIAN shores;
At whose command our Passions rise or fall,
Obedient to the magic of thy call;
Whose breast (O never let the flame expire!)
Glows ardent with the Patriot's sacred fire;
Attend the Bard, who scorns the venal lays,
Which servile Flatt'ry spurious Greatness pays;
Whose BRITISH Spirit emulating thine,
Could ne'er burn incense at CORRUPTION's shrine;
Who far from Courts maintains superior state,
And thinks that to be free is to be great.

Careless

Careless of Pride's imperial smile or frown,
 A Friend to all mankind, but Slave to none.
 Above temptation, and unaw'd by pow'r,
 Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,
 Save that kind Heaven would give his warm desire,
 What Kings can't grant, nor Courtiers oft require,
 From each low view of selfish faction free,
 To think, to speak, to live, O PITT, like thee.

THE
GENIUS of BRITAIN.

AN
IAMBIC ODE.

I.

AS late o'er BRITAIN's chalky coasts
The GENIUS of the Island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign Hosts
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the *new* disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his Godlike face.

B

Quick

E H. T

Quick flash'd the Light'ning of his Spear
 Which blasted FRANCE on CRESSY's field,
 He wheel'd the blazing Sword in Air,
 And on his Shoulders spread the Shield,
 As when o'er AGINCOURT's blood-purple'd lands,
 Pale TERROR stalk'd thro' all the GALLIC bands.

III.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
 Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
 Sudden the Tears of anguish flow,
 For fore he felt th' indignity ;
 Discordant Passions shook his heav'nly frame,
 Now Horror's damp, now Indignation's flame.

Ah!

IV.

Ah! what avails, he cry'd, the blood
Shed by each Patriot band of yore,
When Freedom's unpaid Legions stood
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
When ancient Wisdom deem'd each British Sword
From hostile Pow'r could guard it's valiant Lord.

V.

What tho' the DANISH Raven spread
Awhile his wings o'er ENGLISH ground,
The Bird of prey funeral fled
When ALFRED call'd his Peers around,
Whose Fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep stain'd each chalky Cliff with DENMARK'S blood.

AL-

VI.

ALFRED on natives could depend,
And scorn'd a foreign force t'employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy ;
The Realm's and Monarch's int'rest deem'd but one,
And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

VII.

What tho' weak JOHN's divided reign
The GALLIC Legions tempted o'er,
When HENRY's Barons join'd again,
Those feather'd Warriors left the Shore ;
Learn, BRITONS, hence, you want no foreign Friends,
The Lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect

VIII.

Reflect on EDWARD's glorious name ;
 On my fifth HENRY's martial deeds ;
 Think on those Peers of deathless fame
 Who met their King on THAMES's meads,
 When Sov'reign Might acknowledg'd Reason's plea,
 That Heav'n created Man for Liberty.

IX.

Tho' ROME's fell Star malignant shone,
 When good ELIZA rul'd this State,
 On ENGLISH hearts she plac'd *her* throne,
 And in *their* happiness her Fate,
 While blacker than the Tempests of the North,
 The *Papal* Tyrant sent his curses forth.

X.

Lo! where my THAMES's waters glide
 At great AUGUSTA's regal feet,
 Bearing on each returning tide
 From distant realms a golden fleet,
 Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry Zone,
 And makes the Wealth of all the World your own.

XI.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
 Of armed Slaves a venal Crew?
 Lo! the old God denotes his scorn,
 And shudders at th' unusual view,
 Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
 And Tears indignant bathe his crystal Urn.

XII.

O ! how can vassals born to bear
The galling weight of Slav'ry's chain,
A Patriot's noble ardor share,
Or FREEDOM's sacred cause maintain ?
BRITONS, exert your own unconquer'd might,
A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

XIII.

Look back on every deathless deed
For which your Sires recorded stand ;
To battle, let your nobles lead
The sons of Toil, a hardy Band ;
The Sword on each rough Peasant's thigh be worn,
And War's green wreaths the Shepherd's front adorn.

But

XIV.

But see! upon his utmost shores
 AMERICA's sad GENIUS lies,
 Each wasted Province he deplores,
 And casts on me his languid eyes,
 Bless'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,
 To raise th' oppress'd and humble Tyranny.

XV.

This said, the VISION westward fled,
 His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
 The way fire-mantled VENGEANCE led,
 And JUSTICE drove his airy Car;
 Behind firm-footed PEACE her olive bore,
 And PLENTY's Horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

F I N I S.

